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PULPIT OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR—JERUSALEM.

The prophet Jeremiah, foretelling the desolation of Jerusalem and the abandonment of the rebellious and disobedient Israelites by the Almighty, introduces the Deity as saying, "I have forsaken mine house," meaning the temple—a declaration unquestionably referred to the ruin made by the Babylonians, when Jerusalem was sacked by Nebuchadnezzar. Literally, the Almighty finally forsaking the place, where he had said that he would "put his name." Literally it was "an house," since Mount Moriah, on which was erected the magnificent temple of Solomon, is now covered by the mosque of Omar, where the followers of the pseudo prophet of Mecca offer their devotions. The reader's attention is invited to the truly beautiful Pulpit delineated in the accompanying engraving. It is situated on the highest platform of the mosque, and nearly opposite to its southern gate, called the Gate of Prayer.—The material of which it is composed is of white marble, and the carvings of the small columns, which are of verde antique, rosa antica, &c.—are exquisitely beautiful. It is, as it were, a picturesque appearance; and it is of the usual form of the pulpits found in the Mahommedan mosques. The enterprising artist, by whom it was sketched, was the first European who was ever permitted to make a drawing of this mosque, which in the estimation of the Moslems is inferior in point of sanctity only to the Caaba at Mecca. It should seem that this pulpit is but rarely used for the purpose of preaching; as, during nearly two months of daily visits to the mosque of Omar, Mr. Catherwood never once heard the Imam preach from it;—a small pulpit in the interior of that building being used for that purpose. It is probably of equal antiquity with the mosque itself, though Mr. C. observed no date by which its age could be determined.

SPRING.

"There's charm in Spring when ev'ry thing
Is bursting from the ground—
When pleasant showers bring forth the flow'rs
And all is life around.
In Summer day the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze,
And all is still, save murm'ring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.
Old Autumn comes, with trusty gun
In quest of birds we roam;
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A Winter's night has its delight,
Well warmed to bed we go;
A Winter's day, we're blithe and gay,
Snipe-shooting in the snow.
A country life, without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need,—I take no heed
Of splendour or renown.
And when I die, oh, let me lie
Where trees above me wave;
Let wild plants bloom around my tomb,
My quiet country grave." ERAHAM.

From the Casket for August.

The Outlaw of Sherwood Forest.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The sun was fast sinking in the embrace of the western wave, and the sable clouds of night [illegible] spreading their gloom over the earth, when an archer, clad in Lincoln green, with a [illegible] of silver suspended from his neck, was seen to approach the easternmost turret of Sherwood Castle.

The form of the archer was symmetrical, and almost faultless; and though in these days of slender striplings, shape like the archers, be thought too robust to lay claim to the title of beautiful; in those times when so much depended on personal strength, he was accounted one of the chef d'œuvres of nature. The stranger [illegible] the bugle to his lips, blew a faint blast; a [illegible] form appeared at a window of the turret, [illegible] white silken scarf fluttered in the air for a moment, and then fell at the feet of the archer. Few words passed between the lovers: entreaty on the part of one, and a half yielding refusal on that of the other.

"One winding of this horn, fair lady, brings [illegible] score archers to my call; twice blown, and a hundred answer to my summons. All pursuit would be in vain. Doubt then no more but away with me, love, to the merry green wood."

The lady hesitated no longer, but leaping [illegible] the small aperture, which might be used [illegible] as a window to admit the light and air, [illegible] a position of defence, was soon seated on a [illegible]-footed palfrey, and with one look to the [illegible] of her infancy, left it for a time, perhaps, for ever. The band, that had lain concealed beneath some clustering thorn bushes, from which in consequence of the color of their dress, they could scarcely be distinguished, now [illegible] disappeared; with the exception of a few, who lingered behind their leader and his lady by way of escort. The deepening shades of night began to close round, and Elgitha and her outlaw lover were soon lost to sight in the depths of the forest.

Great was the outcry on the following morning in the castle, when it was ascertained that the lady Elgitha had disappeared. The warder was questioned, but averred that the lady had not passed the gate. The butler, Ralph de Gurth, who had delighted his heart with Burgundy the night before, declared, on his hopes of salvation, that he saw his mistress, leap from the eastern turret into the arms of an angel who carried her off in a flood of celestial light. The story despite its improbability, gained credence with the menials, and their faces betokened terror and dismay. The warder ventured, in consequence of the red nose of the relator, and his well known devotion to the bottle, to disbelieve the whole story, but was only pitied by the rest for his incredulity. As for the Baron, her father, he was inconsolable. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of his child, affected him visibly, and he pined away, gradually yet surely, as does the oak of the forest when stricken by the red bolt of heaven.

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Richard, the First, had returned from Palestine, bringing back with him however, but a small portion of the host he had led thither. The plague had made sad havoc with the pride of England. Many of those who the plague had spared, fell from the effects of the burning heat, and thirst; whilst the major part of those who had escaped all these evils, seemed spared, that they might fall before the lances of the Saracens. On his arrival at home, Cœur de Lion found the affairs of the kingdom in almost inextricable confusion. Insurrections were common in every part of the realm, laws were evaded or set at open defiance, whilst robbery and murder were of every day occurrence. But this state of affairs could not daunt the soul of Richard, and he commenced reforming all abuses, which had crept in the state during his absence, making new laws and enforcing old ones, suppressing insurrections, and punishing murderers and thieves, in such a prompt and vigorous manner, as to present qualities to our admiration, not only as a soldier, but as a civilian.

Amongst other outlaws whom the king's absence had caused to arise and flourish, Robin Hood, or the "Archer Outlaw" as he was sometimes called, stood pre-eminent. Skilful in the use of the long and crossbows, of immense strength and possessing a power to wield the blade of the most desperate, these qualities, joined with his handsome and commanding figure, procured him immense popularity. He had associated with him the most skilful archers of his time, the sureness of whose aim and whose desperate habits, had not only become a byword with all, but had so intimidated the hearts of their enemies, that they reigned monarchs of the green-wood without fear of molestation. They destroyed the deer in the king's forest as a means of support, the meat not only giving them food, but the sale of the choicest portions affording them clothing, from the neighbouring yeomanry; who, even the barons, whose castles edged on the forest, did not scruple to purchase a haunch of venison from the foresters, without inquiring as to the manner in which it was obtained.

Richard, who saw the matter gradually, and after selecting the choicest of his knights, and bowmen, journeyed down to Sherwood forest, to find and if possible to drive away these rude and lawless outlaws. This was more easily conceived than put in execution, for some time had past and Richard and his band had lingered till weary in the forest, without encountering aught save green oaks and a few wild deer.

It was about noon, on one of these loitering, lagging days, that Richard was roaming about the forest with no companion save the good Gothic war sword which was buckled to his side. A whizzing noise attracted his attention, and he raised his head in time to behold an arrow enter the body of a buck which was bounding lightly past him at a distance of a few paces. The noble animal, gave a leap, one bound and as the blood gushed in torrents from his breast, staggered and fell. Full of rage at this encroachment on his prerogative, for the right of killing deer in the royal forests belonged exclusively to the monarch, he cast his eyes round him in search of the offender, and beheld a knave, clad in a simple garb of green, advancing with a loosened bow. Him, he doubted not, was the aggressor, and he was accosted accordingly by the monarch.

"How, now, fellow, durst ye kill the deer in the royal forest? By whose authority do ye act?"

"By that of Robin Hood, the merry monarch of the greenwood," replied the varlet as he restrung his bow.

Richard, would have seized the outlaw, but he, as if aware of the prodigious strength of his antagonist, eluding his grasp, fitted an arrow to his bow, and directed his aim at the monarch. Neither the light breastplate of the king, nor the steel linked coat of mail, which he habitually wore, would have saved his life, had not, at that moment, a tall figure sprang forward, and dashed the half bended bow from the hands of the archer.

The new-comer was also clad in a suit of green, but it wore an air of costliness by no means discernible in that of the varlet, who at a motion made by the other, gathered up his bow and arrows and retired. The hair of the intruder was of a jetty black, and fell over his neck and shoulders in unbound ringlets, contrasting strangely with his fair complexion and eyes of the most intense azure. A silver bugle horn which hung from his belt, and a sword buckled to his side, together with the highly ornamented bow and quiver, proclaimed him to be of rank among the outlaws.

There was a moment's pause, and each gazed, for a time in admiration, on the vigorous form of the other.

"Thou seemest well built for manly sport, friend," said Richard, "and by the ornaments lavished on thy weapons art doubtless skilled in archery. Canst try a bout with me."

"If it please you," replied the other as he drew the bow and quiver from his back and gave them to the monarch.

The Lion-heart was skilled in all the warlike sports of the day but especially in that of archery. Fitting an arrow to the bow he shot at a twig of oak a great distance off, which the arrow struck and nailed to the trunk of the tree. Elated at his feat, he returned the weapon to the archer who smiled gravely, and placing an arrow aright, drew the string to the length of the barb. The bow gave a shrill twang, and the arrow whistling as it flew, struck in the extremity of the preceding one which it split in fragments. Richard was astonished at the skill shown by the archer and requested his name.

The outlaw gave no reply but lifting his horn to his lips, blew a blast that sounded shrilly through the forest. Scarce had the lingering echoes died upon the air, when a hundred archers arrayed in green, with quivers filled and bows bended were seen gathering round.

"These," said their commander "are my merry men, the archers of the forest, and I am Robin Hood. And now I prithee, gentle knight, what name dost *thou* bear," at the same time he waved his hand and the band disappeared behind the oaks and lindens of the wood.

"Richard of England!" was the reply.

At the annunciation of that name, the outlaw bent his knee, to his sovereign and cried.

"A boon, your majesty."

"Name it, and be it what it may, the king will grant it to the man who has surpassed him in archery. Arise and name it."

"'Tis mercy for myself and followers."

"Thou hast it; but tell me, truly, art thou not of gentle blood. Rumours are rife that once the *outlaw*, Robin Hood, had graced a lordly hall. Then tell me; are they true or false."

The outlaw dashed the false tresses from his brow and uttered the name of "Charles of Huntington."

* * * * *

There was feasting and revelry in the lofty halls of Richard, and many a lady bright was there, and many a courtly dame; but the fairest gem in all that glittering array of beauty, and the brightest star in that galaxy of loveliness, was she, whom an outlaw had won for his bride—Elgitha, Countess of Huntington.

BLOCKLEY, JULY, 1837.

DISCOVERY OF STEAM.—It appears from Navarret's collection of Spanish Voyages and Discoveries, that the first known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam was made at Barcelona, in 1543; more than eighty-five years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it was first startled by Brancas, in Italy; more than a century before this power was first applied to any useful purpose by the Marquis of Worcester, in England; and nearly three centuries before Fulton, adopting and combining the inventions of a host of mechanics, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in the United States.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

Extract from an Oration by Mr. Wallace, delivered at Richmond, Ind. July 4th, 1837.

It is a startling truth, (but for that cause not the less important) that as great a revolution, as that accomplished in the era of '76—has yet to be brought about in our country. I do not mean a revolution in politics—a revolution in Religion, or a revolution in Morality—the rights appertaining to these things, have been already guaranteed to us by those patriots, whose memories, we have this day met to celebrate in the solitude of an American forest, and under the bright blue sky of Him, who shielded them in the storm of battle;—but I mean a Revolution in Literature. We look to British Romancers for our works of fiction—we look to British Bards for our song—in fine, we depend upon British publishers for our Literature. We are under a mental bondage. Our necks are enriched by an iron yoke: and although our Banner floats with all the semblance of freedom, we are not free! What boots it, though the body be unshackled, if the *immortal mind* is chained?

Does any one doubt the truth of my remarks? If he does, let him look and behold the eager avidity with which any work is read, so that it bears upon its title page the magic stamp of "London"—whilst the volumes of *American* Authors, no matter how pure their morality—no matter how glowing their diction—no matter how deeply imbued their pages may be with the eternal principles of liberty, are comparatively neglected. Do we not see American authors, in order that they may obtain the wreath of Fame, so dear to the brow of genius, passing over into a foreign country daily, and there by flattering a corrupt Court and pandering to a licentious nobility, obtaining British praise and British influence; and no sooner do we hear of their venality, than instead of branding their conduct with the contempt it deserves, we throw up our hats and cry glory to their names. It is outrageous—and must be put down. What! shall we, the countrymen of such a Philosopher as Rittenhouse, who by his discoveries in the sublime science of Astronomy has shed so imperishable a lustre around his brow, and hung his name among the stars?—Shall we the inhabitants of that soil on which stood the illustrious Franklin when he tore the lightning from its home in the cloud—bow down to a British dictum—and draw our intellectual draughts from a foreign fountain? Shame to the thought! But it is replied, that American authors are not able to produce an "American National Literature." For a moment, let me admit it, and ask "whose, the fault?" I reply—*our own!* How can authors compose without a reward? What stimulant have they to exertion when all that is beautiful in Religion—pure in Morality or magnificent in American literature are swallowed up in the vortex of political battle? Who stops to listen to the sweet song of the Poet, or to gaze upon the elegant creations of the Philosopher—the Painter or the Sculptor, in this mad struggle after wealth and power?—How many victims, radiant with the God-like gift of Genius have already perished beneath the coldness of their countrymen? Look at Brainard and Coffin. Thus after they were laid in the cold grave and the evil was done—we gave honor to their memory—but what good resulted to the cause of American Literature, from tears which only go as new proofs of the sentiment contained in the verse.

How proudly we press to the funeral array
Of him whom we shun'd in his sickness and sorrow,
And Bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day
Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow.

But I do deny the incapability of Americans to produce a National American Literature. *The British Modern Press* has not produced better Novelists than Cooper and Bird—better Poets than Percival and Bryant, and Hillhouse, and Gallaher, and Dana, and Curry, and Neal, and Prentice, and James G. Drake, and Halleck; and we are in oratory immeasurably superior to European Speakers,—aye, as superior to them as the towering cloud-crowned pyramid of Egypt is superior to the pebble lying on the margin of the stream flowing at our feet. I know the full breadth of this assertion, and make it therefore with a conception of its extent. Who have the English, in their Parliament to compare with Webster, or Calhoun, or Preston, or Wise, or Hardin, or Crittenden? Who have they to match with our illustrious Clay?—whose eloquence now appearing the lightning or the thunderbolt, fires or shatters the trunk of his adversarie's argument, at will! But to go back to pure Literature. What American—aye, or *British* heart has not thrilled, when reading the vivid delineations of American scenery, and Indian manners that sparkle like so many constellated splendors in the pages of Cooper, and Bird, and Brown, and Simms and Hall. Who can read Percival's splendid Apostrophe to the American Eagle commencing

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven;
There wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest-clouds are driven.

without emotions of pride? Who, after having once read would ever wish to forget Halleck's Marco Bozarris and Alnwick castle,—that

"Home of the Percy's high born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave:
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!"

And to the lovers of humour, (a faculty we have been accused by English Tourists, of possessing in so slight a degree)—I could not recommend any better verses than those placed by the same author on the lips of persons, supposed to be viewing the Falls of Niagara;—as a specimen, take

"The *miller* gazed—but could not gaze his fill—
It was so nice a place to build a mill!"
"The *tailor*, with a bodkin wrote,
Lord! what a place! to sponge a coat!"

What banner was ever addressed in more glowing and vigorous song than that inscribed by Drake, to our

"Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph nigh!—
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life blood warm and wet
Hath dim'd the glittering bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from its glance.
Flag of the free heart's only home
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!—
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Oh! how can an *American* after reading such a song as that, close his eyes to the capabilities of our countrymen, without a blush?

Foreigners are well aware of the strength of our Authors, and have spared no pains in their endeavours to hide their merit from their countrymen. They know the immense influence of Literature upon a nation. They are fully aware of the wisdom, contained in the sentence of the ancient sage.—"Give me the making of the *songs* of a People and you may make its laws." They are fully aware that a National Literature is the basis of a People's glory. In proof of it, look at the grandeur yet lingering around the mouldering brow of the eternal City—look at the beauty still resting on the shattered Acropolis of Athens:—Whence, but from the song of their Bards—the eloquence of their Orators—the wisdom of their Philosophers, and the imperishable conception of their Painters, exist that grandeur and beauty, which like the enchanted veil in Asiatic story—conceals the deformity of of desolation and gilds the darkness of decay. I say that they are fully aware of its influence—and have spared no pains to convince us of our imbecility. Poor, ridiculous creatures! as well might they attempt to convince our own eagle; that his wings are *weak*, whilst breasting the storm and thunder cloud—now dipping his pinion in the ocean's foam, and then ascending on high, to sweep with sleepless eye and untiring wing around the blue amplitude of heaven. In their eagerness to accomplish their aims, they have went so far as to say, that the physical nature of our country deadens the intellect;—but so long as our mountains rear their snow-capt summits around us—so long as our ten thousand rivers roll their broad waters into the vast ocean—so long as a Niagara rings its everlasting thunderings in our ears—so long as the eternal Mississippi, "hoarse with counting the lapse of six thousand years," pours into the great deep, his immeasurable floods—just so long can we reply to their *pensioned* slanders with a smile of scorn. They have also said that our country can not produce themes for a National Literature. In the same triumphant strain can I reply, that so long as every forest of America bears the mark of wild adventure; so long as we shall remember the hallowed fields of Bunker hill, Monmouth, Yorktown and Saratoga—so long as the black battlements of Quebec, sparkle in memory's eye with the plume, the sword, and the banner arrayed against the holy cause of freedom—so long as the pure characters of our patriots burn on the rolls of history; just so long can we scorn their assertions, and march proudly onward in that path, pointed out by the finger of truth and the soul of patriotism. Finally, how dangerous it is to put in the hands of our youth a Literature, composed by men supporting a Kingly government; upholding a licentious aristocracy, and sustaining an established church—corrupt with the crimes of centuries. I do not wish foreign literature proscribed; I do not wish to throw a *Chinese* wall around the intellect; this would be a contemptible prejudice—but I do wish that respect which it deserves, shown to a Literature—at the head of which we see such intelligences as Channing and Irving and Bryant. Then in view of the necessity of our country's hurling aside the chain that binds her intellect, and erecting a national literature;—I would call on the minds animating these manly frames, and fairer forms, whose bright eyes, radiant with virtue, intelligence and patriotism, are flashing before me to give their aid in the great revolution that must be accomplished;—a revolution that will strike off the shameful chains that are shackling the gigantic energies of our countrymen.

THE BEDOUIN'S SONG OF HOME.

IN A DISTANT LAND.

Let me depart—let me depart
O'er hills and plains afar;
From our halls of pride to the Desert wide.
Where tents of my people are.
Boast not to me of your stately bowers,
Where the rose and the lilly bloom,
Of your raiment wrought with a thousand flowers
In the craftsman's curious loom.
Boast not to me of your cities old,
Of your harems rich with gems and gold;
For the dungeon deep, 'neath the gilded dome.
Where the tyrant reigns, is the Captive's home.

Dearer to me—dearer to me
Is the roof of my father's tent,
And the frugal fare made sumptuous there
By the magic love hath lent.
Your fountains gush from their marble urns,
Like a star that is hurl'd to earth,
And the musk and the fragrant aloe burns
In the bowers of your wanton mirth.
Dearer to me is the incense sweet
Of the wild herb crush'd by my camel's feet;
Dearer to me than your fountain's swell,
Is the flow of the Desert's lonely well.

The wine-cup red—the wine-cup red
May madden to guilt the soul;
But with strength and life, and with gladness rife,
Is the draught of the herdsman's bowl.
Here chime the lute's and the tymbal's sound,
And the maid of the rolling eye
Floats in the dance with her locks unbound,
And her white arms toss'd on high.
And the young and the graceful minstrel-boy
Wakes his light harp with a theme of joy;
And the banquet groans with rare viands here,
An altar of pomp and of princely cheer.

Let me depart—let me depart,
From your halls that with porphyry gleam
For the sigh of the breeze from the tamarisk trees
Doth steal o'er each sense like a dream.
The voice of the youth, when he sighs of love,
As he doth in a soft strain now,
It saddens my soul like the plaint of the dove,
When she mourns on the Erak's bough,
I pine for the Desert's pastimes free,
For my fawn-eyed maiden's laugh of glee—
Again o'er the sand-hills the chase to lead
With my shining spear, and my bounding steed.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

A TALE FROM THE CONDE LUCANOR.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcazar* rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. 'I heartily greet your Reverence,' said Don Illan to the Dean, 'and feel highly honored by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board.'

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate—'No, no,' said Don Illan, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, 'no business please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to attend to the cares of life.'

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it now did under the influence of Don Julian's good humor and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a glass of wine, without stopping to relish the flavor, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral, could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from the table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river. 'Allow me, dear Don Julian,' he said, 'to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship.' 'Good Sir,' replied Don Julian, 'I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honor and patronage, you will remember the humble person of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain.' 'Nay, nay,' exclaimed the Dean, 'but I know myself, if you do not Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redoubled in favor of you and yours.' 'My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir,' said Don Julian. 'But let us now proceed to do business; the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study.'

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase: for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on magic;—globes, plainsperes, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—'Here, then,' said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, 'we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume.'

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles concentric and eccentric,—triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. 'This,' said Don Julian, 'is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus—' The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. 'Be not alarmed,' said Don Julian; 'it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me.' Saying this, he pulled a silk string and soon after a servant entered with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed by on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letter; my great uncle the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his Lordships dictation. But here is another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—poor dear uncle! may heaven lengthen his days! the Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favor.'—'Well,' said Don Julian, 'all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but doubt not you will soon wear the mitre. In the mean time I would advise you to pretend that these does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies another time.'

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and the nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter.—The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. 'I hope,' he added, 'I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris, for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion.' 'My worthy friend, Don Julian,' replied the Archbishop elect, 'My obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self.—But why should you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese: I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The Deanery, to tell the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me.—'Just as you please my lord,' said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia, were, not long after, succeeded by a universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. 'I will not leave you behind,' said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations, 'but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see, the blessed King Ferdinand who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end.' Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquiver in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far-extended fame moved the Pope to send him a Cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowds of visiters who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. 'I am growing old, my Lord,' he said, 'I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to honor and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favorite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—, 'No more of that if you please, Don Julian,' interrupted the Cardinal. 'Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door: you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome.'

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him in a short time wearing the papal crown. He had now arrived at the highest place of honor on earth; but in the bustle of election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed his rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. 'Holy Father,' exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: 'Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—' 'By Saint Peter!' ejaculated his Holiness, rising from his chair, 'your insolence shall be checked. *You* my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicegerent! Away wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view to bring thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes.—Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gate of the Inquisition upon thee.'

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. 'I am very poor, Holy Father,' said he: 'trusting to your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey.' 'Away, I say,' answered the Pope; 'if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes.' 'But, Father,' rejoined Don Julian, 'my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome.' 'Heaven forbid,' said the Pope, 'that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away, from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard.'—'Well then,' replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness, which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, 'if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper, which I ordered at Toledo.' Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next to the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus.—'Desire the cook,' said Don Julian to the maid, 'to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the dean of Santiago.'

WINTER.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty,
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A MADHOUSE.

By the Author of "Pelham."

I am the eldest son of a numerous family, noble in birth, and eminent for wealth. My brothers are a vigorous and comely race, my sisters are more beautiful than dreams. By what fatality was it that I alone was thrust into this glorious world distorted, and dwarf-like, and hideous, my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation, a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse! I am shut out from the aims and objects of my race; with the deepest sources of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them. Love! out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence: friendship turns from me in disgust; pity beholds me, and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wander, I am encompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassable circle of a dreadful and accursed doom. Ambition—pleasure—philanthropy—fame—the common blessing of social intercourse—are all as *other* circles, which *mine* can touch but in *one* point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold; I have energies to which relaxation is pain; I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm! For what—merciful God! for what are these blessings of nature or of learning? The instant I employ them, I must enter among men; the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terror dogs my steps; I exist upon poison, and my nourishment is scorn!

At my birth the nurse refused me suck; my mother saw me and became delirious; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life—accursed be they for the act! One woman—she was old and childless—took compassion upon me; she reared and fed me. I grew up—I asked for something to love; I loved every thing; the common earth—the fresh grass—the living insect—the household brute, from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars and to scorn *me*; from the noblest thing to the prettiest—the fairest to the foulest—*I loved them all!* I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me—she shuddered. I fled to my father, and he spurned me! The lowest minion of the human race that had its limbs shapen and its countenance formed, refused to consort with me; the very dog (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows,) the very dog dreaded me, and slunk away! I grew up lonely and wretched; I was like the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart, immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of fellowship never came; girded with a wall of barrenness, and flint, and doomed to vegetate and batten on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations. But while this was my *heart's* dungeon, they could not take from the *external* senses the sweet face of the Universal Nature; they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty Dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read—I mused—I examined—I descended into the deep wells of Truth—and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty. The past lay before me like a scroll; the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds; even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world, I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge. But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love, and be the only thing doomed to hatred. 'I will travel,' said I, 'to other quarters of the globe. All earth's tribes have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and amongst its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself.' I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doting, and blind; so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head, and to bless me. 'But better,' she said, even as she blessed me and in despite of her dotage, 'better that you had perished in the womb!' And I laughed with a loud laugh when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening, in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs which the twilight summer bathed in dew, the honey-suckle, and the sweetbrier, and the wild rose sent forth those gifts of fragrance and delight which were not denied even unto me. As I walked slowly behind the hedge, I heard voices on the opposite side; they were the voices of women, and I paused to listen. They spoke of love, and of the qualities which should create it.

'No,' said one, and the words, couched in a tone of music, thrilled to my heart, 'no, it is not beauty which I require in a lover; it is the mind which can command others, and the passion which would bow that mind upon me. I ask for genius and affection. I ask for nothing else.'

'But,' said the other voice, 'you could not love a monster in person, even if he were a miracle of intellect and of love!'

'I could,' answered the first speaker, fervently; 'if I know my own heart, I could. You remember the fable of a girl whom a monster loved! *I* could have loved *that* monster.'

And with these words they passed from my hearing; but I stole round, and through a small crevice in the fence, beheld the face and form of the speaker, whose words had opened, as it were, a glimpse of Heaven to my heart. Her eyes were soft, and deep, her hair parting from her girlish, and smooth brow, was of the hue of gold, her aspect was pensive and melancholy, and over the delicate and transparent paleness of her cheek, hung the wanness, but also the eloquence of thought.—To other eyes she might have been beautiful, to mine, her face was as an angel's. Oh! lovelier far than the visions of the Carian, or the shapes that floated before the eyes of the daughters of Delos, is the countenance of one that bringeth to the dark breast the first glimmerings of Hope! From that hour my resolution was taken; I concealed myself in the wood that bordered her house; I made my home with the wild fox in the cavern, and the shade; the day-light passed in dreams, and passionate delirium, and at evening I wandered forth, to watch afar off her footstep; or creep through the copse, unseen, to listen to her voice; or through the long and lone night to lie beneath the shadow of the house, and fix my soul, watchful as a star, upon the windows of the chamber where she slept. I strewed her walks with the leaves of poetry, and at midnight I made the air audible with the breath of music. In my writings and my songs, whatever in the smooth accents of praise, or the burning language of passion, or the liquid melodies of verse, could awaken her fancy or excite her interest, I attempted. Curses on the attempt! May the hand wither! may the brain burn! May the heart shrivel, and parch like a leaf that a flame devours—from which the cravings of my ghastly and unnatural love found a channel, or an aid! I told her in my verses, in my letters, that I had overheard her confession. I told her that I was more hideous than the demons which the imagination of a Northern savage had ever bodied forth; I told her that I was a thing which the day-light loathed to look upon: but I told her also, that I adored her: and I breathed both my story and my love in the numbers of song, and sung them to the silver chords of my lute, with a voice which belied my form, and was not out of harmony with nature. She answered me, and her answer filled the air, that had hitherto been to me a breathing torture, with enchantment and rapture. She repeated, that beauty was as nothing in her estimation—that to her all loveliness was in the soul. She told me that one who wrote as I wrote—who felt as I felt—could not be loathsome in her eyes. She told me that she could love me, be my form even more monstrous than I had portrayed it. Fool! miserable fool that I was, to believe her! So then, shrouded among the trees, and wrapped from head to foot in a mantle, and safe in the oath by which I had bound her not to seek to penetrate my secret, or to behold my form before the hour I myself should appoint, arrived—I held commune with her in the deep nights of summer, and beneath the unconscious stars; and while I unrolled to her earnest spirit the marvels of the mystic world, and the glories of wisdom. I mingled with my instruction the pathos and the passion of love!

'Go,' said she one night as we conferred together, and through the matted trees I saw—though she beheld me not—that her cheek blushed as she spoke; 'Go, and win from others the wonder that you have won from me. Go, pour forth your knowledge to the crowd; go, gain the glory of fame—the glory which makes man immortal—and then come back, and claim me, I will be yours!'

'Swear it!' cried I.

'I swear!' she said; and as she spoke the moonlight streamed upon her face, flushed as it was with the ardour of the moment and the strangeness of the scene; her eye burnt with a steady and deep fire—her lip was firm—and her figure, round which the light fell like the glory of a halo, seemed instinct and swelling, as it were, with the determinate energy of the soul. I gazed—and my heart leapt within me; I answered not—but I stole silently away: for months she heard of me no more.

I fled to a lonely and far spot, I surrounded myself once more with books. I explored once more the arcana of science; I ransacked once more the starry regions of poetry; and then upon the mute page I poured the thoughts and the treasures which I had stored within me! I sent the product, without a name, upon the world: the world received it; approved it; and it became fame. Philosophers bowed in wonder before my discoveries; the pale student in cell and cloister, pored over the mines of learning which I had dragged into day; the maidens in their bowers blushed and sighed, as they drank in the burning pathos of my verse.—The old and the young, all sects and all countries, united in applause and enthusiasm for the unknown being who held, as they averred, the Genii of wisdom and the Spirits of verse in mighty and wizard spells, which few had ever won, and none had ever blended before.

I returned to *her*, I sought a meeting under the same mystery and conditions as of old, I proved myself that unknown whose fame filled all ears, and occupied all tongues. Her heart had foreboded it already! I claimed my reward! And in the depth and deadness of night, when not a star crept through the curtain of cloud and gloom—when not a gleam struggled against the blackness—not a breath stirred the heavy torpor around us—that reward was yielded. The dense woods and the eternal hills were the sole witness of our bridals; and girt with darkness as with a robe, she leant upon my bosom, and shuddered not at the place of her repose!

Thus only we met; but for months we *did* meet, and I was blessed. At last, the fruit of our ominous love could no longer be concealed. It became necessary, either that I should fly with her, or wed her with the rites and ceremonies of man—as I had done amidst the more sacred solemnities of nature. In either case, disclosure was imperious and unavoidable; I took therefore that which gratitude ordained. Beguiled by her assurances—touched by her trust, and tenderness—maddened by her tears—duped by my own heart—I agreed to meet her, and for the first time openly reveal myself—at the foot of the altar!

The appointed day came. At our mutual wish, only two witnesses were present, beside the priest and the aged and broken-hearted father, who consented solely to our singular marriage because mystery was less terrible to him than disgrace. *She* had prepared them to see a distorted and fearful abortion, but—ha! ha! ha! she had not prepared them to see *me!* I entered: all eyes, but *her's* were turned to me, an unanimous cry was uttered—the priest involuntarily closed the book, and muttered the exorcism for a fiend—the father covered his face with his hands, and sunk upon the ground—the other witnesses—ha! ha! ha! (it was rare mirth)—rushed screaming from the chapel! It was twilight—the tapers burned dim and faint—I approached my bride—who, trembling and weeping beneath her long veil, had not dared to look at me. 'Behold me!' said I—'my bride, my beloved! behold thy husband!' I raised her veil—she saw my countenance glare full upon her—uttered one shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her not—I stirred not—I spoke not. I saw my doom was fixed, my curse complete; and my heart lay mute, and cold, and dead within me, like a stone! Others entered, they bore away the bride. By little and little, the crowd assembled, to gaze upon the monster in mingled derision and dread; *then* I recollected myself and arose. I scattered them in terror before me, and uttering a single and piercing cry, I rushed forth, and hid myself in the wood.

But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house, I climbed the wall, I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary; I saw not a living thing there; but the lights burned bright and clear. I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it—a taper at the feet, and a taper at the head, so there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse! I did not speak—nor faint—nor groan; but I laughed aloud. Verily it is a glorious mirth, to behold the only thing one loves stiff, and white, and shrunken, and food for the red, playful, creeping worm! I raised my eyes, and saw upon a table near the bed, something covered with a black cloth. I lifted the cloth, and beheld—ha! ha! ha! by the foul fiend—a dead—but beautiful likeness of myself! A little infant monster! The ghastly mouth, and the laidley features—and the delicate, green, corpse-like hue—and the black shaggy hair—and the horrible limbs, and the unnatural shape—there—ha! ha! there they were—my wife and my child! I took them both in my arms—I hurried from the house—I carried them into the wood, I concealed them in a cavern—I watched over them—and lay beside them, and played with the worms—that played with them—ha! ha! ha!—it was a jovial time that, in the old cavern!

And so when they were all gone but the bones, I buried them quietly and took my way to my home. My father was dead, and my brothers hoped that I was dead also. But I turned them out of the house, and took possession of the titles and the wealth. And then I went to see the doting old woman who had nursed me; and they shewed me where she slept—a little green mound in the church-yard—and I wept—oh, so bitterly!

And so I lived *happily* enough for a short time; but at last they discovered that I was the unknown philosopher—the divine poet whom the old world rung of. And the crowd came—and the mob beset me—and my rooms were filled with eyes—large, staring eyes, all surveying me from head to foot—and peals of laughter and shrieks wandered about the air, like disembodied and damned spirits——and I was never alone again!

—FOR THE LADIES.—

WALKS.

The pleasantness and usefulness of an early morning's walk, in the promotion of health and improvement of the complexion, are well known and readily acknowledged by all our fair readers who have reduced their theories to practice, and have had the courage to undertake them. What can be more agreeable than to rise when the sun ushers forth his radiant glories to the earth, and shaking off the dullness of pampered nature, to walk forth from the heat and confinement of your chambers to the enjoyment of the pure and salubrious breeze of the new made morn—to sip the sweets of its balmy atmosphere—to catch the feelings that awakened nature inspires—to contemplate the glories of regenerated creation, bright in its effulgence, and redolent in rich delights. To hear the melody of the feathered choir, sweet almost to the ear as the music of the spheres, and to gaze upon the astonished displays of art as she unfolds the magnificence of her architectural beauty, and majestically waves the sceptre of her power over the subjugated earth. But the gratification of those important senses is not the only benefit to be derived from an early morning's walk. The animal spirits are elevated to a high and happy temperature—and agreeable exhilaration of feeling is produced—the heart dilates with more expanded fulness and freedom—the mind is invigorated and enriched with rarer and more unrestricted vigor—and every part of the complicated machinery of mind and body moves in more perfect harmony and order, in unison with sweet and lofty diapason of nature's admiral workmanship. The strength is vastly improved and more firmly established, the flowers of healththiest hue bloom beautifully upon the lovely cheek—the countenance is burnished with a most complacent brightness, and assumes a smile of tranquil serenity—and the accomplished and virtuous lady, filled with the pleasures of contemplation and the joys of fond remembrance, refreshed with healthy exercise resumes her task of duty with a cheerfulness of delight seldom felt before. Then, ladies, rouse from your dusky slumbers, and during the warm and sultry season take your early morning walks, and health and bloom and happiness may be yours.—*N. Y. Ladies' Morning Star.*

Love is often but a solitary leaf, but neither storm nor light can fade it; like the perfume that a dead flower sends forth, it is sweet when all the gay sunshine has departed; when all its bloom is past, it has the fragrancy of memory; it is the last lingering beam, that glows long after sun and star have set—a refuge from the tempestuous and bereaving storms of life.

SUNDAY READING.

TO GOD.

FROM THE DUTCH OF BELLAMY.

Translated by Dr. Bowring.

For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,
Holdest thy course sublime and splendid
Through heaven's immeasurable ring:
I tremble 'neath the blazing throne
Thy light eternal built upon,—
Thy throne, as Thou, all radiant,—bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity!
Yet—terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not Thee.

O, what is mortal man, that he
May bear thy heavenly temple ringing
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,
And echo back the melody?
My soul is wandering from its place;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space
Where thousand suns are roll'd through heaven,—
Suns waked by thee from chaos' sleep;
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

There was a moment ere Thy plan
Pour'd out Time's stream of mortal glory;
Ere Thy high wisdom track'd the story
Of all the years since Time began;—
Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mien,
And making misery—discipline:
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace,
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

Then did Thine omnipresent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Track through the misty maze of being
E'en my obscurest destiny.
I, in those marvellous plans, though yet
Unborn, had mine own portion set:
And Thou hadst mark'd my path, though lowly:
E'en to my meanness Thou didst give
Thy Spirit,—Thou—so high—so holy;
And I—Thy creature—live.

So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me;—
'Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way!
And O! what bliss it is to be,—
Though but an atom,—form'd by Thee;—
By Thee, who in Thy mercy pourest
Rivers of grace,—to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard-seed.

Up, then, my spirit! afar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather;—
Up to the high, eternal Father;
For thou wert fashion'd by His love.
Up to the heavens! away! away!
No!—Bend thee down to dust and clay:
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee;
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No! would'st thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty;—every feature
That's spread upon the face of Nature,
Is brighten'd with his holy glow:
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley—silent all,
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody,—
All—all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator! speaks of Thee.

But, of Thy works through sea and land
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are blending:
Man is the glory of thy hand!
Man—model'd in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a nobler daring—
'Tis thine immortal mould!

O, wisdom! O, unbounded might!
I lose me in the light Elysian;
Mine eye is dimm'd, and dark my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of Thy high wisdom bear away
My thoughts to Thine abode sublimest:
But how shall groveling passions rise
To the proud temple where Thou climbest
The threshold of the skies?

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,
My God! to Thee may sing—unworthy
Of those sweet strains pour'd out before Thee
By heavenly hosts of cherubim:
Despise me not,—one spark confer
Worthy of Thine own worshipper;
And better songs, and worthier praises,
Shall hallow Thee, when 'midst the strain
Of saints my voice its chorus raises,
Never to sink again.

DREAD OF BEING SINGULAR.

There is nothing that goes to the heart of a young man like "the world's dread laugh;" or the idea of standing alone; or of being charged with superstitious scruples of conscience; and this is a principle of which the abettors of vice are always sure to avail themselves, in regard to those who are inexperienced. When a young man, whose mind has been stored with good sentiments through the influence of education, falls into their company, it is wonderful to observe how their invention is quickened for devising means for his destruction. They take care not to display to him all the mysteries of iniquity at once, lest it should produce a shock which should drive him from their society. At first, perhaps, he discovers in them nothing more than an excessive cheerfulness; and so far, he thinks, they may be imitated without much danger. But it is not long before he must take another step; and if he hesitates and falters now, he sees on one side a reproachful frown; and on the other, a contemptuous smile: one perhaps charges him with unmanly superstition, and another with the want of independence; or it may be, the whole fraternity of them set up one general shout of ridicule. At such a moment, I look upon a young man as suspended between life and death; and as the experiment which is now going forward may result, I expect his eternal destiny will be decided.—*Sprague's Lectures.*

MOMENTO—FROM CAMOENS.

My son, be this thy simple plan;
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may!
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

RELIGION.—Bright as the morning star in the radiance of the sunbeams, cometh the seraph of immortality.

Religion, the child of heaven, wears an angelic smile, and distinguished by all the graces of its divine original. Elevated and aspiring, yet winning and attractive; benevolent, gracious, courteous and condescending; her features formed to complacency; her voice attuned to harmony; her eyes shining with benignity, and all her motions, though composed and steady, are yet graceful and unassuming. Religion erects her votaries a temple sacred to immortality. The good man dreads not death nor desolation. Invited to heaven, and called to glory, he soars above this dim spot man calls earth, and is lost in the incomprehensible progressions of eternity, that opens to his prospect. Religion is a divine vigor in the soul, triumphing over the darkness of nature, and teaching us to acquiesce in the allotments of Providence. It is the image of God stamped upon human nature, refining its baseness, enriching its poverty, healing its maladies, and converting its very wants and miseries into abundance, happiness, and glory. Without this divine treasure, man is poor indeed! Amidst opulence, how needy! amidst titles and honors, how ignoble and vain! in a palace how miserable! how contemptible on a throne!

True religion is the source of happiness, the support of society, and the dying man's consolation. It is the guide of youth, and the stay of old age. It is the fairest flower that opens on earth, the sweetest incense that ascends to the skies.

From the New York Express.

MAJOR DOWNING TO HIS FELLOW CITIZENS.

Attention all creation!—eyes right!—face front!—Major Downing, just returned from foreign parts, addresses you on "great and mighty matters." The "great guns" of Baldwin, Hamilton, Adams, and Talmadge, and others, having been discharged, it is now of high importance to know what the illustrious Major has to say.

The Major promises in his next to take up the subject of the currency, and to go to work in earnest to do his best toward putting things in order again. In one of his communications the other day, it is reported that he said there was but one honest politician left in the city or throughout the country, and that he would in due time demonstrate this. Perhaps, the Major now is in possession of some French we dare say, having returned from his travels in foreign parts.

MAJOR JACKSON, Secretary, L. I.,
August 15th, 1837, in sight of the wreck of the "Two Pollies."

To the People of the United States of North America *in general*, and to the great Democratic family in particular.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—You have all by this time heard tell of my return to my native land, after an absence now of over two years this great, and how sigh. I came reading my bones thing; and with the "Two Pollies" on the beach, and ultimately come to a notion that Captain Jones of this took for he was more interested in other folks about his latitude and longitude and sounding, and so in and up all, was nothing of or wrong, "to take the responsibility." Well, the long and short of the matter is, the "Two Pollies" went ashore, and there she lies now, right up and on the house I am now in, and as I stick by and wait for the high tides of September next, and see if there is any hopes of getting the vessel off, I don't mean to quit so long as two sticks of timber of the vessel hang together. I mean she is worth saving, and if we can't save all, we can save part, at least enough to preserve the model, so there will be another frail school or so shoved in at the crack next.

In the natural course of things, I suppose that seeing it is now more than two years since I wrote any but letter from Texas to my old friend Mr. Draight, that I ought to tell where I have been, and what I have been about; but this would be a long story—too long to be good for nothing, and I have no time now to make it so; if I once begin it—I'll have that till I get through more important matters. I did not intend writing any thing till the "Two Pollies" was off and safe afloat again; but seeing that all the great folks are at work writing private letters for publications, I thought it was high time to begin, and so doing so, as the fogies say of my old friend the General's letter, "dash it off in the broad bold hand of the venerable chief without a slightest care of punctuating or correcting, &c.

When I left home the last time, on my way to France, to aid in keeping things right there, I sat down at the stern of the Two Pollies, and kept my eye on my native hills till the top of the highest one was lost in a fog cloud that hung over it. I then began to think I was considered wanhisbrod'd, and could not help thinking of the time when I was a boy, and when the great inventor of login dumplings stood smoking on the table, and the family circle drawn all round it; and just then my good old mother calling out, "You Jonny, my son, them login cattle are to be corn-field agin,—run, my boy, and turn 'em out,"—and away I'd scud, and whilst running I would keep thinking of them dumplings, and the changes might take place among 'em after I got back again, and, in the end, whether there would be any left at all by the time I got back. And real so it was this time with my native hills, all smoking on the distance, just like a row of hot dumplins, and I going off to keep an eye on them Frenchmen, and what changes they will take place among them hills afore I git back to them!

I don't want to underrate dumplint, for I lived on 'em nigh hand my life, but I must say, any man wants to know how much dearer to him is his native hills than any thing else in all creation, let him stand on the stern of a vessel going away from 'em at the rate of ten miles an hour, and see 'em gradens out of sight in a fog bank, and if he don't then feel considerable streaked, depend on't his heart ain't a proper worth returning to. In such a time a man knows how to feel for his country—and that's all comfort, and nothing but his country. Talk to him then about *party politics*, and see how small, and mean, and contemptible all the many *hairy* differences of party squabbles appear.—Whig, Tory, Bank, Anti-Bank, Hard Currency, Paper Currency, Loco Foco, Aristocracy, Democracy, Jackson, Downing, Van Buren, Nicholas, Nigger, Anti-Nigger, Monopoly, Anti-Monopoly, Tammany and Anti-Tammany, and Uncle Joshua—all become mixed up like a ball of ravelins of old stockings, and nary worth no more, and the best thing to be done is just worth thinking about; and as I have not time to dress up a long story, I suppose its every native born AMERICAN CITIZEN (by right of birth) care to talk to just now; so with it's one—and I'll run out right, jet them tell me where and how I am wrong. I have now seen all countries except China and Japan, and Kamschatka and a small part of Russia—and I can say that I have seen no country and no people that can hold a candle to us—and all that is wanting on our part is to feel and to act as we ought to feel and to act—and that is for every man who has got the *rale grit* in him to unshackle himself from all nasty party prejudices—and look to the good of his country as he would to his own good and that of his family and children.

In some countries where I have been, the will or wish of one man is the law of the land—where he whistles he says, let no dog bark. Is it to be so with us? Are we an independent and free people, and yet to be whistled into the traces and fetuses of any man or set of men? I for one say—I'll see any man or set of men, or any other man—in Kamschatka first.—Well, what is the reason now before us? We are all at odds and ends. PARTY—that selfish destructive monster, has been at work and twisted us into a small, and it is our business to untwist—mind of the best part for our own use, and throw the rest to them where it came from—along with those who wickedly strive to draw lines between the people, and set one class up again another, just to serve their own party purposes.

It would be a useless task for me to attempt to go into all the causes, why and wherefore, to show how we got into the scrape we are in up—it is enuf to know we are in a scrape, and I don't know a shorter way to explain it than to say, that if a farmer wants to see his farm well tilled, he won't take a watchmaker to him—if a hat-maker, or a shoe-maker, or a nail-maker, or a carpenter, or a mason, or any kind of mechanic, wants good workmen to raise him, he won't employ persons who don't know any thing about the trade. A shoe-maker won't employ a hatter or mason to nail him a pair of boots, and way versa. Some folks can nail logins, and some can manage lasts—but every man this trade, here or elsewhere is a failing for every man—but if in the course of party management a tinker says he can cut a coat better than a tailor, would not the sense of it some of us should have a tin kettle tied to the tails of our coat flaps—and so it is with matters of more importance. But what gits agin the grain with me, is to see some of them who have been put into high offices by us "the people"—and paid by us out of our earnings, twenty-five thousand dollars a year—or more) *evenly dollars* a day, besides house rent and other stoppages—turn round and tell us—our masters—what *they* want done, and what we must do, because they like so.

Has it come to this then, *in this country of* time made by the people for their own good, that our men in office, and well paid by us for his services, shall dare to dictate to us our duty, when our duty is simply to follow in the way we chose to make through our representatives for *his* and your good? Are we also to see that any man who has been in office and well paid for his services, dare to pressure upon his former popularity to dictate to us by his opinions and notions what we should do, when it can be seen without spectacles he has made a great mistake, and, like the fox that lost his tail in the trap, now sets all on a row and part tails as far as to cover his mistake. If such things are to be, and we are slaves to be led by the nose against our own will, I'll scrape off the name of the "Two Pollies of Downingville," and paint on her stern "The Ship of Arabia,"—and any man who wears a collar may command her.

Fellow citizens, I am in the house, and now to tell you the fatal error you are labouring under. I am one of yourselves, twice down, twice wrecked and bamboggred—almost ashamed to say how it has all come about—but I must come to the point and tell the story. I tell it to all creation, and that is what I don't like. I would rather have cut off my fingers within the first joint of the old homestead, and that is the reason, when I was abroad and among foreigners, I used to love talking about and reading about the *Globe* and other political papers conducted with spirit—I was ashamed of, I would say that "Globe" was published away down in South America, and that the folks there were all Democrats and Republicans—they had papers and editors and town as all radical as any one, and there wasn't no danger dance to be put in 'em.

But as I said just now, we are in a scrape, and I mean to try—as a good citizen, loving my country and every *useful class* of citizens in it—as a true soldier—to get us out of it. We are all seekers, just as the "Two Pollies" is—but we have not gone to pieces yet, nor she neither, and I don't think we shall, but that depends on ourselves. I have known pilots in my day run a ship on shore, and by sheer his mistake, with every other pilot would do the same thing. I have seen a crack squad a whole out of breath, and when turned out, laugh in his sleeve to see his successor do the same thing. I have seen great politicians and Generals who have failed in their *experiments*, so far forget the interest of those who employed them as to keep at it to ruin and disorder soldiers and soldiers, and wish to hiver up their disgrace by wishing their successors the same luck—and I have seen a Commander of a steamboat who did not know his business, and who kept up his boss and passengers, feel as happy as a bird when he heard that others had been as unfortunate as himself, and grateful that for the part he was sure there was no safety in steam engines. And now we are in a scrape, equally ready to make use of that wish and *Banks are monsters*. Just so would a feeler who boasted of knowing all about a steam engine and after having tinkered changes in its pipes and valves, and blown it to the moon and back again, call it a dangerous and anti-democratic—away with them, and let us take to oars and poles again, for that is safe enough for the present. And till I have time to write to you again, let us all remember that *when a ship or fashion men combine*, it is time for sound, good and intelligent fellow citizens, to unite and prevent from year old friend and fellow citizen,

J. DOWNING, Major,
2d Brigade Downingville Militia.

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 19, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We do not coincide with "Longinus." His strictures though doubtless well meant, are not well founded.

"Sappho" remains under consideration.

"Flowers" will probably appear.

"Cynthia Harker" is at the disposal of the author.

"Memo" we will endeavour to insert in a few weeks.

"J. M. B." is rejected.

"The Music of the Deep" is passable—wants revision.

"Autumn" by T. D. E. possesses uncommon merit.

"Rosalie" will appear soon.

☞ELEGANT ILLUSTRATIONS.☜
FOR THE
NATIONAL ATLAS.

The Publisher of the National Atlas has determined to extend the plan on which this periodical was originally founded, and in so doing to add attractions which will, he trusts, still enable it to take a higher rank in public estimation.

PROSPECTUS OF PROPOSED IMPAVEMENTS.

1st. The main feature of the Atlas will be preserved by the publication of a large and splendid engraved and coloured descriptive Maps. Appropriate and full descriptions will accompany these embellishments.

2nd. The Atlas will be issued semi-monthly (when not occupied by the maps,) by a large and superior quality of paper, and in a style equal to any popular subject. This series of plates will embrace great variety in their extent. Among the subjects contemplated are the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Animal and Agricultural Illustrations,—Rail Road Maps, and Maps of the United States. The first of these splendid illustrations will be the

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

intended as a specimen of the style in which the remainder will be executed.

3d. In the course of a few weeks will be issued to the patrons of the Atlas, a new map, size as per up, as extra, containing a fine copper-plate engraving of

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

4th. Music. A popular piece of music will accompany the Atlas monthly.

5th. By forming the Express Mail, the Atlas will contain the latest foreign and domestic news, up to the day of publication.

6. Two well executed wood engravings will accompany the Atlas weekly.

7. A general variety of subjects will necessarily be comprised in the reading matter, to accompany the illustrations.

The price of the Atlas will remain as heretofore, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance.—For two copies, five dollars per annum. \$5 in advance will be received.

C. ATKINSON,
Address No. 26 Carter's Alley.

SWINDLING.

Several cases of swindling, on a most deliberate system, have recently occurred in this city; and in order to put merchants, and other traders and store keepers against the devices of the thieves already known, and to put them upon a broad description of their plan of operations,—we have thought it worth while to devote a portion of good address and gentlemanly exterior—two of them recently from New York—the other a native of Philadelphia. The first has the air of a handsomely furnished office in this city, and assumes to be the agent of a house in London, a gentleman of property. The two others are the confidential clerks of the first, and in the habit of making purchases of our mechanics and storekeepers, and sending the goods thus purchased, to the office of the first for the payment of them, in whance they are soon transferred to some wholesale or retail establishment, and the money paid into money—the purchasers disappearing almost immediately, and the confederacy of the office, professing entire ignorance as to their flight. If a merchant calls at the office of one when they first order the goods, they put on airs of importance, run over half a dozen names with the utmost ease and rapidity as matters of ease and confidence, deceive the unwary. Several cases of this description have recently occurred to the extent of \$1,000 or \$2,000 by these gangs of thieves, and it therefore behooves others to be on their guard.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.

On Tuesday night of last week, while Mr Jones was at supper with his family at his seat on the Delaware, near the mouth of the Rancocus, below Burlington, one of the servants announced that one of the wood sawyers had called out to help in with his hand the load of wood that was on the cart. Jones went to the stepping kind of house, not usual in sturgeon-fishing country, to find a man there who was not regularly wagged, and seeing by the moonlight that he had not brought in the wood, was doing a moon round the tail of the fish, and then he moved up to Dunks Ferry; when, on dragging the net to the shore, there was found to be only a shark, about nine feet long and four inches long, with a large mouth and terrible countenance on the head and shoulders of any well made gentleman. Jones's fears were at once relieved, and instead there were six rows of good strong teeth there, well fixed, and five-eighths of an inch in length. The fish was immediately hauled up on the bank, so as to have been called into the water, to take the fish, if he could find him, and the fish would not have died surrounded. He weighed 700 pounds.—*U. S. Gaz.*

CLEAR SPRING, Md. 16th Aug. 1837.

The postscript to my last letter, relative to the fall of the suspension bridge at this place, by the sleighs, was dislocated. It affords me pleasure to say such is not the case. Some of the cables were broken, but no disjointure or broken bone. Though, poor girl silent grief, that deep corroding grief which preys on the heart, has settled her frame. The gentleman I alluded to, whose wife was carried off by the flood, is still single, and has not taken another companion. He weighed 700 pounds.—*U. S. Gaz.*

LIFE INSURANCE.

The following is well worth the attention of the public.

In times of distress and emergency like the present, when those who esteemed themselves wealthy, but yesterday, are stripped of every thing but the means of subsistence, it behoves us to consider how he may best secure his family against want, and the loss of the support of their natural protector. One of the best modes of doing this is by an insurance on his life. Two instances of the beneficial effects of life insurance have recently fallen under our notice. One is that of a gentleman who died, whose life was insured for \$3000, by the Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company of this city. When he had paid three annual premiums of \$64 each, he had his policy assigned to his wife, and died. He died after nearly a year's illness, and his widow received the sum insured, at a time when it was particularly convenient. Another instance was that of an old and respectable merchant who had failed in business some years before, and had effected an insurance on his life for upwards of \$10,000, for the benefit of an unmarried daughter. He died a short time since, and the amount was paid to the young lady.

We learn from the *Erie Observer*, that the United States Bank is about commencing a banking house in Buffalo, both of which will be white marble, and be built at a cost of not less than twenty thousand dollars. It will be one of the richest specimens of architecture in the western country. The contract for furnishing the marble is taken by Messrs. Underhill & Sprague, who have a beautiful quarry in this city, with the rarest and richest specimens of marble from the Vermont quarry.

Breach of Promise.—Lady deserted by one man, appeals to twelve. Declaration that the *food* of her heart is so much damaged that no other can't occupy. Five thousand dollars wanted for repairs. Jury say they'll think about it.

Fortune-hunter at the springs marries the West India heiress. Regular take in. Heiress says earthquake has swallowed every rupee of her estate, leaving her nothing but a lovely treasure in her husband's affections.—*N. Y. News.*

FRIGHTFUL AND FATAL RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.

Correspondence of Baltimore Patriot.

STEAMBOAT COLUMBUS, August 12th, 1837.

The most serious accident that has occurred on Eastern Virginia since my recollection, happened on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail Road, this morning, about 7 o'clock, yesterday, between 9 and 10 o'clock. A company, consisting of about 150 ladies and gentlemen, from the neighborhood of the Dismal Swamp, and Southampton, came down on the Rail Road to Portsmouth, to visit the Navy Yard, and after visiting Portsmouth, Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, and Hampton, returned to the former place, at the time and place above mentioned they met a locomotive and train of burden cars, on their return to relieve the former, together while going at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

An engineer was sent into Suffolk for some physician in the place to come out immediately, and I believe Dr. Williams had gone. Dr. Powell is the physician of the place, with the hope of being able to render some assistance to the wounded.

The most heart rending scene presented itself that I have ever witnessed; every spot on both sides of the road, which skirted the level prairie from the sun, was covered with the dead, dying and wounded. The ladies clinging together on the front seat of the second car which was burned, lay in a heap for some minutes; another lady, an infant and a negro girl were so much injured, that they died before the shock, and the bodies of the two first were seen besides, sustained injury of one kind or another, very little of which, I am sorry to say, is any of them. The confusion attending an accident of this kind, and the number of the wounded, corpses laid out on the side of the road, the moans of the wounded, and the weeping and wailing of others, would be immediately heartrendes description. Every possible attention was paid to the ladies while they were together on the front seat of the second car which was burned. Their fingers, and in one instance, another lady, as

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, August 19, 1837.

ABSENTEES.

J. McCormick has absconded from Mount Pleasant, Pa. indebted to us $4, which he is requested to recollect.

Andrew J. Miller (a tall paper maker) has left Kildermminster, Pa. for the "great West," leaving us minus the amount of his subscription for the Casket, $5. He is requested to make payment instead of promises.

David Rose and *Richard Frazier* have left Carrollton, Illinois, for parts unknown, having forgotten to make good their accounts of 22 months standing. 7 dollars is due from each of them, and will be gladly received. We will compromise our claims against them for 50 per cent. of the amount, or any other amount they may please to favour us with.

The ship Pennsylvania after proceeding to Norfolk to be coppered, is to be sent to Newport for the season.

An experiment of the utility of the Life Matress was made on Wednesday afternoon by Mr. Maulstoth the inventor, on the waters of the Delaware opposite the city. The trial was perfectly successful, and many of the invention fairly tested—Mr. Maulstoth floating nearly half a mile down the river, and not experiencing in the least any inconvenience from the occasional by the motion of the accompanying steamboat.

The fourth instalment of the Neapolitan indemnity has been paid to the United States agent at Paris.

It has been strongly recommended that our Councils, Loan Companies, and Corporations, should redeem all their certificates of loan, under the denomination of 50's cents. This proposal will meet with the concurrence of everyone who is aware that there is not the shadow of an objection to be urged against it.

SINGULAR.

A *sharp frost* on the night of the 6th inst. has done considerable mischief to the crops throughout the state. An occurrence of this kind would seem almost out of the bounds of possibility, were it not authenticated by our exchange papers from various parts of the state.

MANAYUNK.

A public meeting was held a few evenings since in this village, for the purpose of taking measures to prevent the numerous robberies that are taking place in the vicinity, and detecting the perpetrators of those already committed. We learn that effectual preparations have been made for the reception of the "moon's minions," should they again make their appearance.

A DAY OF DISASTERS.

The account of the accident on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, which will be found in an adjoining column, has yet another feature to be added to the frightful delineation. Immediately after the collision of the cars, another engine was sent to the scene of the accident with medical aid for the unfortunate sufferers. This was soon obtained. On the return of the car to Suffolk, during a violent thunder storm, the car was knocked down two men, who were walking on the track, killed one on the spot, and the other was wounded beyond all hope of recovery. It is stated that the engineer was not aware of the accident until he arrived in town.

Mr. Claiborne, the recently elected member of Congress from Miss. has declared himself in favour of a National Bank, and the doctrines laid down in General Hamilton's letter. He is run on the V. B. Ticket, and succeeded by large majority.

There appears to be little doubt that a plan, for doubling the revenue without the agency of Banks, will be proposed to Congress in the message of the Executive, at the opening of the session. The details of this scheme will probably embrace the *sub-treasury* system of Mr. Senge, whose enmity to Banking Institutions and influence with the President, are well known to the public.

The Governor of Arkansas has convoked the Legislature for the purpose of reducing the rates which are affirmed to be more than adequate to the wants of the State. He seems to entertain a laudable dread of a surplus revenue improperly acquired by the difficulties in which the General Government was lately plunged through this cause. No danger of their occurring again at least for some years.

It is said that the Atchafalaya Bank at New Orleans is preparing to resume the business of discount preparatory to closing its doors. The stock has been from 50 to 15, and the loss to share-holders will be small. We have not seen the statement from New Orleans papers. We do not believe that any institution in this city will be forced to follow its example.

A Tornado at Savannah Ga. on the 11th inst. inflicted great damages on the shipping, and crops in the vicinity are also greatly injured.

The "Tiger of the Sandwich Woods" supposed have escaped from a travelling menagerie, has been committing wonderful depredations of late. A party of ten resolute and well armed men lately started to capture him. They succeeded him on all sides—forced him from his cover, and slain him—*en avant*.

The Yellow Fever is subsiding in Havana, and increasing in New Orleans.

Large quantities of silver are being imported in New Orleans from Mexico. The last arrival brought $100,000 in gold dust and silver bars.

BALLOON.

The balloon ascension of Mr. Paullin on Monday last, was the most successful attempt of the kind that has yet been witnessed—not a cloud in the sky was clear, and the view of the ascension from the enclosure, perfect. The balloon was passed with the most rapid and beautiful curves, and the rays of the sun flashing from the car in ascent, presented a gorgeous and almost fairy like appearance. After attaining an altitude about two miles, a strong current of air bore it to the south, and the last that was seen of it were numerous gauzes, were its glistening colours reflected on the dewy veil of clouds that bounded the horizon.

Mr. Paullin after remaining in the air about three minutes, descended with great rapidity, and alighted on the Neck, below the city. He described the view of the river, the town, and the surrounding country in the most enthusiastic terms. He says that it is the intention of Mr. Paullin to make a moment to make another excursion this week, embracing a wider extent of time and space in its accomplishment.

FLORIDA.

There is little news from this quarter of interest. The Indians have removed their depredations, but they do not appear to be the result of concerted action, but merely the work of ruffians. The organization of volunteer companies is proceeding rapidly, under the direction of General Jesup, and preparations have been made to enforce the treaty. It is said many of the principal chiefs have re-signed, and are willing to come in. The result is no doubt doubtful if their will is all that we have to please confidence in.

We expect that Jesup was to be superseded by Gen. Macomb, has excited much dissatisfaction in the army.

STUDY.

It is a vulgar error that the life of the student is a life of ease and indolence. There are few opinions more specious to the careless observer, and yet there are none more lamentably false. They who listen with applause to the flowery periods of leisure which they enjoy from a laborious business, to the soft harmony of Pope, or the majestic periods of Johnson, imagine it the inspiration of a willing muse. But that the fact is not so, the furrowed brow and enfeebled frame of the student give daily evidence. Those happy expressions which sparkle as the effusion of a moment, are the result of hours spent in elaborate thought, and are not presented to the reader until they have undergone an anxious and painful revision.

The great improvers in science, have been influenced to commit their speculations to paper by other motives than mercenary ones.

If a great many authors have been poor, it does not follow, though this inference is vulgarly made, that it is their authorship that has made them poor—on the contrary, their poverty made them authors. Their little regard for wealth has made them neglectful of the various ways by which riches are amassed. What made Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, and Scott poor? Did they become authors in the forgetfulness of the use of property as the great majority of mankind, there was surely no profession, liberal or mechanical, more lucrative than theirs.

It is true that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of enormously wealthy authors; but this is only a new proof of the strength of mediocrity. Men can only be rich by inheritance, according to the legal phrase or by purchase. Those that inherit wealth commonly receive an education which is not calculated to rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and ceaseless anxiety.

The mere wealthy say character so much the object of envy as that of a successful writer—But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums on his merits, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness. They consider him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority—as displaying the luxuriance of his imagination, or the depth of his research to silent admiration—or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not that these bright intervals are the result of long and solitary labour—that his life is passed in solitude and anxiety—that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day like that of the mechanic is to him a task—that the intense application of the mind to its objects—locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself—is reminded that he lives only by the recession of hours from them and up to a from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unemployed, without affording means of improvement for the next.

However melancholy a picture we have drawn, it is yet a faithful representation of what every one ought to be—a companion in his lone some journey to the "*Temple of Fame*."

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whom manners with difficulty please, is the peculiar terror of others, is not likely to have many real friends. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, long, and melancholy. His only friend is himself.

Few students, as they "trim the midnight lamp," will read the following lines which we lately met with, and which are given rise to the foregoing observations without some idea of the gloomy feelings of the author :—

"Nor undelighted is the solemn noon of night—
Roars not the rushing wind: the seas of rest,
And every breast, to rude emotion free,
All Nature's hushed in sleep.
Oh, then how fearful is it to reflect
No being wakes but me!"

ELECTIONS.

We have not received official returns from the State and will not be the present time of writing, but enough is known to warrant the statement that the Opposition, have succeeded in electing a majority of members to the next Legislature. In Kentucky it is ascertained that the Whigs have been elected to Congress, and 1 of the administration party and 1 Whig elected last is yet doubtful. The district formerly represented by Col. R. M. Johnson, V. P.; has given a majority for the Whigs of 333 votes. This change is remarkable.

We have no official returns from Indiana. It is confidently reported however, that every Whig candidate is elected.

Both the administration candidates are elected in Mississippi by large majorities. Tennessee, has re-elected Governor Cannon (Whig) by a large majority, supposed 20,000. Five congressional districts have been carried by the Whigs and three by the administration as far as heard from.

Nothing known of the result in Alabama.

North Carolina it is believed, has returned a administration majority in both branches.

Our readers will make ample allowance for errors in the above statements. There are few things more deceptive in their nature, than the first returns of Elections.

Michigan's Expedients.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have published a pamphlet of fifty pages, under the above title, which contains some passable sketches, and among others one from the author of "Nothin the Better," a letter which every body has seen, and which was written by Capt. Marryatt. Every body, it seems, was mistaken—the writer of the aforesaid tome growing to be Mr. Hubbard, of the late bank which has corrupted to be edited by Capt. Marryatt—which is simply a new plan to induce the public to read a work that would otherwise not be read at all.

With regard to the two volumes before us, they are very good light reading for the season, their contents not being likely to fatigue the senses or the memory.

Life of Commodore Bainbridge.—This volume recently published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, is a correct detail of the life and fortune of one of those men, to whom the people of the United States owe the invaluable blessing of liberty. It is by narrations of this description that the feeling of patriotism, and devotion to country are cherished and inspired; and the histories of those whose deeds have been the example of the force of these virtues, form the most acceptable tribute to our National Literature.

The contents of this volume comprise many of the chief incidents in the naval warfare of 1812-15. These documents are valuable for their historical importance, setting aside the interest with which they will be perused, by those whose recollection extends to the eventful period in which they occurred.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.

The popular melo-drama of Lafitte was revived on Saturday evening last.

"Crichton" was performed on Monday evening, to a large audience, and passed the ordeal of popular judgment successfully. The author has exercised much judgment in the numerous and necessary curtailments from the novel on which it is founded, while the main features of the story are carefully preserved. The admirable manner in which the piece was put on the stage, are generally in good taste and contribute much to the success of the piece. The plot is well managed and the interest excited by it is concieled until the last moment. We noticed a few minor errors in the piece, but do not deem it necessary to allude to them more particularly in this place. The Theatre has been well filled since its first representation, and we have heard it remarked that Tuesday evening presented the best house of the season. We hope that all oursell space to enter into a more detailed account of the acting than to include it in an expression of general commendation.

An amusing piece entitled the "Rival Pages" prefaced the entertainments on Tuesday evening.

The benefit of the author of "Crichton" takes place this evening. He is a native of this city, and we trust that the public will exercise more than its usual liberality on this occasion.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

The truest stimulus to literary efforts, in writing, it has been long ago observed, is necessity. The most ingenious and eloquent of mortals is silent, when relieved from the necessity of writing for bread. This has been a very prevalent opinion, and yet it is either groundless, or it admits of a considerable number of exceptions.

It does not appear that Spenser, Shakspeare or Milton, wrote principally, if in any degree, from the force of necessity. The same may be said of Rollin and Gibbon, the most laborious of historians. These men had no objection to receive gold with which to purchase the time they desired to have been the chief motive of their zeal and industry.

The great improvers in science, have been influenced to commit their speculations to paper by other motives than mercenary ones.

If a great many authors have been poor, it does not follow, though this inference is vulgarly made, that it is their authorship that has made them poor—on the contrary, their poverty made them authors. Their little regard for wealth has made them neglectful of the various ways by which riches are amassed. What made Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, and Scott poor? Did they become authors in the forgetfulness of the use of property as the great majority of mankind, there was surely no profession, liberal or mechanical, more lucrative than theirs.

It is true that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of enormously wealthy authors; but this is only a new proof of the strength of mediocrity. Men can only be rich by *inheritance*, according to the legal phrase or by *purchase*. Those that inherit wealth commonly receive an education which is not calculated for intellectual pursuits. Those who acquire it by their own efforts must be qualified, by their habit and labor, for *fast* modes of acquisition, and followed by wealth—professions that fix the mind upon objects very different from poetical fables and scientific theories.

Besides, though the rich are seldom authors, there are other methods of displaying a literary spirit besides that of writing books. To read, reflect, compare, and to think are occupations, to the occupation of vast numbers, who are free from book-making. They suppose there are such creatures in the world, but they are rarely found—they are so few in number, and so secluded from the public eye, that they can hardly be said to be numbered by the multitude.

Poverty is far from being a spur to genuine wealth in the literary commonwealth, though it is certainly not propitious to it. It is the middle class that produces every kind of worth in the greatest abundance. It is there that we look for fidelity on the hill top, nor at the bottom of the glen. It is only found in the plains and intermediate slopes.

The Charleston and Ohio Rail-road has been opened for the first seven surveys to be more than was expected. So says Major Neill, the Engineer.

The Manhattan Bank in New York has partially resumed specie payments. This measure will secure it the public deposites, the specie-fobus of the Secretary of the Treasury directing them to be placed to the nearest specie paying Banks.

A proclamation has been issued by the Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, forbidding settlers to cut timber on the borders of the Province and State of Maine, claimed by the two governments.

We copy from the Washington Reformer the following commentary on the spurious cry of Rich against Poor, which has been raised by the agents of the very men who have for years been fattening on the spoils.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

"WE ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR MAN," has been the cry of the Locofoco party for years, and aided by it their leaders have taken care to grow rich. It is the first instance under our people and republican institutions, of a government in which those who administer it have grown wealthy. THE POOR ONLY HERE ARE AT A MISCELLANEOUS. A few years ago and some of them were comparatively without means, now they live and more as princes. Their salaries are certainly not sufficient to account for the growth of this sudden change. They have grown rich by using the powers of Government to advance their speculations and to enrich themselves. It is every reason to believe that the removal of the deposits will not put an end to this—it has brought such misery on the country, brought hundreds of thousands of dollars into their pockets.

The last measure, it will be recollected, was devised for the benefit of the poor man, the honest settler. This was the cry, but no one but the partizans of Jackson believed that it was to operate for the benefit of these classes; while every man of common sense could see, that how it would promote the schemes of the speculators. The chief officers of Government were, without doubt, largely interested in the public lands, and the direct and obvious effect of the Treasury Circular was to give them the control of the market, and enable them to sell out at enormous profits. They had the management, nearly, of the public domain, and the measure was resorted to as a certain means of securing their fortunes.

That the natural and necessary effect of the circular was to impel the rich and honest settler into the hands of the heartless speculators no one can doubt, and no one, at any time, doubted. But the matter is not left to argument or inference, it is a matter of fact. Read the following extract of a letter from an intelligent gentleman at Pontotoc, (Mississippi,) and see what one effect was of the cry of "FRIENDS OF THE POOR MAN."

We found the "hard currency" in abundance in the shape of Mississippi bank bills and paper shinplasters. It was impossible to pay a debt out of, or to travel beyond the boundaries of the State, without exacting a shave with specie. Notes of the United States Bank are selling here at ten per cent., and scarce sold readily at that discount. A draft on the Bank of Mississippi could not be procured nearer than one hundred miles from this place. Specie could not be obtained to meet the risk and expense of conveyance. Indeed, the late bank has become a speculator who could command a large amount.

All competition was thus effectually put down; the speculators had the entire field at his own price, and sold his surplus specie to the settler at thirty per cent. to pay for the relief. These are some of the blessings of the "experiment" of which the poor man is fruits. Thus is the protection extended to the "settlers"—such protection as the vultures give to the lambs.—Such is the road with a bank to Liverpool. It has, probably, ere this, been opened. The Farmers' Bank of Liverpool has failed, the Girard Bank, was totally destroyed by fire. The bank of 6,000 gallons of water has not been of had no effect on the flames! About a dozen of the splendid trees were burnt down, and the whole of the fine lawn was much trampled upon by the crowd. It is reported that the Directors of the Bank will assist in the rebuilding of a difficulty with the clergy, which, unless speedily adjusted, is likely to lead to another civil revolution. It seems that Bustamente has demanded a loan from the clergy of 3,000,000—This demand produced the greatest dissatisfaction, and Santa Anna was forthwith consulted by priests. The government, aware of this, ordered Santa Anna to appear before a court martial to answer to the charges against him on account of his late Texas campaign in which Anna replied to the call in the following laconic epistle :—

"No puedo, no debo, y no quiero"—(I cannot, I should not and I will not.)

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A letter from the city of Mexico of a late date, which has been shown us by a friend, states that Santa Anna is by no means prostrate, and he has a very active friends among the leading men of Mexico, and particularly among the army, and is only waiting a favourable opportunity, and eagerly watching for a moment to carry their plans into execution. Santa Anna is described to be being wily and politic as ever, and capable at a moment's notice, of bringing to his standard a formidable force. If these statements be true, we fear that yet another bloody page is to be added to the history of this fated country.

We copy the following from the New Orleans slips of the 10th instant.

"A slave was found concealed in the the hold of the ship Citizen, a few days since, at the S. W. Bar. The vessel was loaded with tobacco, behind some logsheads of which he was hidden. It is usual to examine, before leaving the Balize, for persons who endeavour clandestinely to help themselves to a passage, 'scot free.' It was during this process on board the Citizen, the boy was discovered, dead—he having became exhaust but a few moments before."

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATER FROM FRANCE.

By the packet ship Sully, Captain Lines, from Havre, we have files to June 30 from Paris, and Paris Stock Exchange, June 29th, last past 4 P. M. Market barely to-day. The 3 per CENTS unvaried. Fives have declined 10 centimes. For the end of the month Five-hours are fallen three francs.

The spirit of the municipal elections to the Spanish Cortes was conclued June 26th. No "Order" is the watch word.

The Queen has two marine squadrons for the Mediterranean, one for the Levant, and the other for Africa.

Count Schemmelsenkoitsche the Dutch Ambassador appointed to Russia.

The Duke of Saint Carlos, came near being blown up by the bursting of a shell.

Gen. Seoane is still suffering from his wounds.

The debate on the new electoral law, in the Spanish Cortes was concluded June 26th. No Senator or Deputy is to be *paid*.

The bands of the different provinces seem to have generally given way before the Queen's accounting parties.

France.—The dangerous coast of France on the Atlantic as well as Mediterranean, is shortly to have six new light-houses in full operation. One in the Channel—two in the Mediterranean at Marseilles—one at the Pierres-Noires—and at Titan Island—one at Cape Canaurat. But three last towards the close of the year, with the Var. A rumour existed in Paris that before the Queen would be there the same day or the next summer, visit King Louis Philippe at Compeigne. Marshal Soult is said to be very roughly humbled by the late verdict of acquittal on General De Rigny, as to have expressed in the sense of his remarks a determination to quit France, and to throw up his employment and rank.

ENGLAND.

From the N. Y. Express.

By the arrival of the packet ship Sheffield, Capt. Allen, we received London papers to the 8th, and London of the 6th *July*, with London dates to the 7th inst.

The Hibernia, Wilson, arrived at Liverpool the 5th.

The burial of the late King was to take place on the 8th of July, the ceremonies commencing at 10 A. M. The procession to Windsor Castle was to continue from 10 A. M. of the 7th, until 10 A. M. of the next day. The procession is exhibited on the 3d, at the house of the undertaker, from 10 A. M. until P. M. during which time it is computed that more than 20,000 persons will pass to see the body, consisting many of the rank, ladies as well as gentlemen. A description of the coffin, and of the room in which it was exhibited, and a description of the procession, will be found in the following extract from the London Courier :

The apartment was fitted up in a manner to be in perfect unison with the solemn scene. The *scene* hung with black cloth, and ornamented with large escutcheons of which were suspended silver plated sconces with wax candles. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a magnificent chandelier, of the same kind. On which afforded a dim light, and gave much effect to the state coffin, which was placed on trestles in the centre of the room, and was covered with rich purple velvet, and richly ornamented with silver bands, and crape, round which stood persons.

The coffin is composed of Spanish mahogany of the finest grain, two inches and a half in thickness, covered with purple velvet of the richest manufacture, and lined with white satin. The inscription on the coffin is as follows :—Length seven feet three inches; depth, two feet; breadth, across the shoulders, two feet three inches; breadth of the head twenty-four inches; breadth of feet, twenty-two inches.

The ornaments, consisting of the handles and nails, are of silver gilt, and of the most elegant device. The arrangement of which were completed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Turner, by the most ingenious workmen in his repository. On the lid of the coffin, in the first panel, is placed the royal arms of England, surmounted by the crown of the realm.

George the Fourth's coffin was covered with the same velvet, but was not so richly ornamented as that the one provided for his brother. The pall is of purple velvet, eight yards in length.

Tickets of admission to see the burial were issued, to the number of 7000.

Mr. O'Connell has concluded not to offer himself for Dublin for the next year, but will not goes back to his old friends of Kilkenny.

The harvest had commenced in the neighborhood of Liverpool, and it was abundant, and of the richest quality.

The King of the Hanover, Ernest Gustavus, arrived at his capital on the 28th June, and was received with great enthusiasm. The inhabitants of the city presented the keys to his majesty, and made a very loyal address to which the King replied—"You know my love for this country, in which I passed my youth. It has pleased Providence to call me to the throne of my fathers, and the Hanoverians shall find in me a just and kind sovereign."

The trial of Major General the Viscount de Beaumont commenced on the 27th June, before the council of war of the 8th Military Division, for insubordination during the attack upon Constantine, under Marshal Clausel. The General Officer was unanimously acquitted in the situation of Judge.

The financial affairs of England appear to be in a very prosperous state. The revenue for the cleopter opened his Budget on the 30th of June, and stated that the total amount of revenue for the year had been eight millions sterling, being more than had been expected, whilst the expenditure had been less than the estimated amount by £1,240,0000. and the expenditures to 46,000,000 sterling exact, the treasury should be supposed, however, that the finance of the ensuing year would not be so good, and therefore no reduction of taxation can be immediately expected; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated his intention to lower duties on tea and bonest settler into the hands of the heartless speculators—no duties of course could be taken off at any time. doubted. But the matter is not left to argument or inference, it is a matter of fact. Read the following extract of a letter from an intelligent gentleman at Pontotoc, (Mississippi,) and see what one effect was of the cry of "FRIENDS OF THE POOR MAN."

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MOBILE, Aug. 10.

PIRACY.

From the Captain's Log Book of the Schr. Tantivy, Tomes, master, arrived yesterday, 33 days from New York.

July 13th (Wednesday), 10 A. M. Lat. 26 3 N. Long. 79 W. A moderate breze springing up from the S. W. a barque in sight astern, and a long shreak, steering down on the Tantivy, sails set; at 11 A. M. the brig hove to on our weather bow, and sent a boat with 10 armed men across our bow; supposing they were in want of water or provisions, and not suspecting any thing I hauled the jib sheets to windward, when she came alongside, having on board some empty water casks, they ordered us to send a boat on board them on board the schr. (11 in number). They proceeded to take command of the vessel, by hauling down the stars, the one calling himself captain giving the orders. They appeared to be Mexicans or Spaniards. He ordered the water casks on deck to be unlashed in a very authoritative and arrogant manner. Not liking the appearance of things, I thought it high time to put a stop to it; accordingly while they were in the act of taking in the casks, I interposed my authority, and ordered the mate to call up the watch. I was then standing near the foremast surrounded by several of them. In an instant the pirate captain rushed towards the mate, as he proceeded to the forecastle to call the hands, and attempted to stab him with a long dirk knife. I at the same time gave captain a blow on the head with a handspike, which brought him down, and grasped the throat to prevent his crying out. The mate was also severely beaten by them with a handspike, which drove them all overboard. Some of the pirates had a long dirk concealed in their boots, and the mate was severely stabbed in the thigh. Two or three of them were placed as sentinels to guard the forecastle, while the mate made a rush aft, driving all on deck below.

As soon as I was sure all were secured by them; another, at the helm, had several thrusts made at him with a dagger, but the captain of the forecastle, with a heavy blow with a stick demodaling him. The steward received a stab in the back as a slave was passing him with a tray of refreshments for the cabin. FERGUSON KIRKPATRICK, in the 40th year of his age.

Mr. Ferguson, was an Englishman, and was very deep wound, also in the back, while in the act of rescuing a slave. Tallo was closely pursued, and had several passes made at him with their dirks, but escaped injury; one of the pirates attempted to strike at him with a sword, and attempted to stab him with a long dirk knife, but the latter glanced against one of the spars and broke away between them, the pirate then fled to the forecastle, and seeing he could not clear the deck, the rush became general. The mate was severely beaten by them with a handspike, and driven down the forecastle

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
Whose gives it all its flavours.

"THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK."

The summer wind lightly was playing
Round the lattimer high at the tow'r,
Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,
A lady in pencil'd to her bow'r.

To peep round the corner the sly wind would try;
But vanes, you know, never will; it is the wind's spy;
And so she also turning slyly away —
And so she also turning slyly away!—

Then they kept playing all through the day.

The summer wind cried, 'She's coquetting!
But such trifles her peace is to foster!
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
She will not then go, but come round.'

So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
And the north and the south, to try which was best;
But still she kept turning slyly away —
Then they kept playing all through the day.

At evening, her hard heart to soften,
He said, 'You're a fine I am sure:
But if mainly you're changing so often,
Some you'll never always endure.'

'Sweet sir,' said the vane, 'it is you who begin,
When you change so often, in one 'tis no sin.
If you come from the flame, and steadily age,
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I.'

MISS LUCIFER 8

"She is a perfect angel," said Pitzsborne, on her home for that signifying herself.
"Yes, you," quoth the dwarf gruffly. "At her christening, the deaf parson called the child's godfather, what it was he called — "Lucy, dar," answered the old lady, who unfortunately heard.
"I baptise thee Lucifer, in the name &c.," said the parson. And that was her name irrevocably.
"What's in a name?" mused Fitzsborne, as he left the room, assuming the popular air of "Go he would and shake yourself."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—A lady who had boasted of light at a dinner of the good manners of her child's governess, whom with, "Charley, will you have some more bread." "No" was the ill-mannered reply. "No!" exclaimed the astonished mother—"No what?" "No beans, ma," said the child.

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a map of equal population, could not in a thousand millions of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which contained fifty thousand forty transpositions of the letters.

ANECDOTE OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.—Major Noah's Liverpool correspondent records the following anecdote of the youthful Queen Victoria:

"Sir John Conroy is manager of the Duchess of Kent's household. He is understood not to be in the best odour with the Princess Victoria, and an instance occurred last week which shows that she is, as manifested in a transaction of which he was the hero. The Princess wanted to send a current page to deliver a private note to the Duchess of Northumberland, and was surprised not to find him in attendance. She enquired about him, and learned that Sir John Conroy had that morning dismissed him. She sent for Sir John, and demanded what had become of the youth. "I dismissed him before breakfast," said he. "Then I recall him before dinner," replied the. "And, Sir John, whatever you may think, I order you to know that in my own house I am mistress."

Talleyrand is the only man alive who has the art of doing all things. On the death of Charles Ten the Tenth, he drove through Paris, for a couple of days wearing a white hat. He carried crape in his hat. When he passed through the Faubourg of the Carlists, the crape was immediately turned into hat; when he came into the quarters of the Tuileries, the crape was instantly and put in his pocket again.

FILIAL REVERENCE OF THE TURKS.—An equally beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is their reverence and respect for the author of their beings.—Their wives' advice and reproaches are unheeded; their words are lost—nothing—but their mother is an oracle. She is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and preference; accepted to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. When she is dead, and replace them the Faubourg of the Carlists, the crape was instantly turned into hat; when he came into the quarters of the Tuileries, the crape was instantly and put in his pocket again.

Personal identity is a grave subject in the hands of Bret it has made some sensation in its time. A fellow some time since exhibited a scull as a fair near London as the skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and the shrunk an old man. "I know all that," said the exhibiter, undisturbed, "but you see, Sir, that was his skull when he was a boy."

A scarcely less curious instance happened at one of our museums. A lady, a blue of course, asked the corpse whether "he had not got a skull of Cromwell?" He answered in the negative, "Ever, "Very extraordinary," said the lady, "I thought you had every thing, and they have one at the Museum."

THE NEWSPAPER.—A Newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading —it communicates all the important events, which are passing in the busy world; it is a never failing source of amusement; and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who possessed of property sufficient to make him easy easy for life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of rapidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is entitled to the name of a parent or a good citizen and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbours.

THE ART OF WRITING.

The Rev. J. Williams, in his 'Narrative of Missionary Enterprise,' gives the following interesting account:

In the erection of this chapel, at Raroteng, a striking instance occurred of the value of the art of writing to people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. As I had come with one hundred natives from the square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote down what I requested that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending my portion of the work, and said to him:

"Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular looking man, remarkably tall and muscular, and had been a noted native warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought, lost an eye, and giving him the most dreadful look with the other, he said,

"Take that! she will call me a fool, and scold me, if I carry a letter."

"No," I replied, "she will not; take it and go immediately." I am in haste."

Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked,

"What must I say?"

I replied,

"You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I want."

With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said,

"How can a piece of wood talk? Has it a mouth?"

I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On returning to the house he gave it to Mrs Wilsame, who read it—threw it away, and went to the tool chest, seized the chisel, returning to the spot where all this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely, expecting the chip from him, I told her, said,

"Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why, she replied, 'did you not give me a chip just now?'

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not mean it any way thing.'

"If you did not, I did' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return as fast as possible.

With this, the chief leaped out of the house, and carrying the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand, and the chisel in the other, and bringing them up as high as his arm would reach, and shouting as he went,

"See the wonders of these English people; they can make chips talk; they can make chips talk!"

On giving me his answer, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance unveiled in so much mystery, that he actually had a string to the chip, hung it around his neck and wore it for some time. During several following days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which the chip had performed.

PHILADELPHIA IN THE DOG DAYS.

AN INCOHERENCY.

"Now Sirius rages!" and the citizens rush from their respective residences, and people the far-off bays and promontories. The leafy shelter of the quiet street is exchanged for the noise of the sun burnt shore, the boundless flat of the salt seascape, and the dreary, monotonous beatings of the endless surge. Oh for the delights of a dog-day! there is stroll upon the sands—the long, hot days, and sleepless nights, and thirsty mosquitoes and griping landlords, all by it flat! Be in Jerusalem and Damascus prosperity, that compels the citizen from the cool breezes of his marble mansion, sweet, and green and pleasant shade of our door-post hinterland! it is a canonical rejoice, an orbit pleasure that drives our denizens from the enjoyment of advantages which entertaining strangers from all parts! A Southerner periodically palpitates for the shelter of our side—walks and the grateful refrigerants of our 10 o'clock dinners—but then enjoying Philadelphian horrors from possessive blessings, and courts the glory of a mendicant on ray-reflecting sand. A swim in the sweet, cheerful, bath-like brine, and a sweet, cool,